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A

L E T T E R
TO
A YOUNG GENTLEMAN
IN PRISON.

BY E U B U L U S.



*T*hine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not.

PROVERBS.

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A LETTER, &c.

ONESIMUS,

HAVING lived to more than half a century, you will easily imagine, I cannot always think as you do, either of the pleasures, or of the disappointments of young people. I must own, I am not surprised, when I hear that a young man is incautious, or when I am told, that extravagance has produced distress. But though it excited no wonder, to hear you were arrested, and, for want of bail, imprisoned, I was not a little grieved at the treatment I met with yesterday. Just as I approached the prison door, I was informed, you would not be seen by any of your acquaintance. But I will see him, I replied. Tell him, my

name is EUBULUS. The messenger returned, and told me, you could not admit me now. Pensive, I walked back again to my own habitation, not offended, but trying to account for such behaviour.

What would you have me imagine? That you are offended with me, and were much displeased with my attempt to see you? This I cannot suppose. Other thoughts alarmed your mind, nor were they, in my opinion, much to your discredit. You have more than once rejected my counsel, and disregarded my reproofs; you have followed your own inclinations, and, in some instances, you have been ruled by those who were more defective than yourself, in the œconomy of human life. The consequences of such imprudence you have severely felt, and you wish, at present, to lament them unobserved.

I know your temper, and am convinced, it was shame, and not resentment, that compelled you thus to repulse your oldest acquaintance. I dare say, as soon as my back was turned, your heart relented. You blamed yourself, and could hardly believe you had behaved so rudely. You called me your father's

father's friend, and thought me your own. You promised, if I would but return, you would frankly confess your fault, and convince me it was not the result of disrespect. I believe it; and therefore write you this Letter. If it meets with your approbation, you may expect to see me soon.

Your honored father was very much my friend. If I loved you less than I really do, my regard for his memory, would incline me to attempt any thing, probable to do you good, which is not inconsistent with the dictates of my own conscience. Were your father living—but could you bear to see him where you are now detained, or endure his just and wife rebukes? If parental wisdom could have saved a favorite son—I know it cannot—but had that been possible, you must have lived in reputation, and would have added honor to your father's name.

Come, think not, from a stroke like this, that I shall grow severe. My age and friendship may remove your fears. In running over this Epistle, you may be now and then affected, but you will not find you are any where insulted.—The lance of a friend is not the sword of an enemy.

I have been young myself, and have not yet forgotten the follies of my youth. If I am any wiser at fifty, than I was at fifteen, I know who has given me understanding, and believe that our wisdom never appears to such advantage, as when it is connected with goodness, and gilded with sound compassion.

Be not, if you can possibly prevent it, too much dejected. Your part in life is not far advanced. The next scene may be fairer and better. On the theatre of this world, I have lived to see remarkable rotations. I have seen the poor rapidly enriched, and princes suddenly reduced to poverty. I have seen the rash instructed, and men replete with worldly wisdom, ruined by their own devices. I have seen young men, un promising as yourself, rise and rectify their conduct, and so manage their future behaviour, that they have left the world, at last, benefited, upon the whole, by their example. What you have been, I must be allowed to know ; what you now are, it is not hard for me to guess ; but, what I wish to see you, in your future walks in life, induces me to write this Letter.

PLEASURE,

PLEASURE, you must own, has been your passionate pursuit. Nor will I vex you, on this all-engaging subject, with imprudent censure. All of us are lovers of pleasure. Hypocrites may be shocked at this acknowledgment, and they who indulge affectation, may be offended with the concession ; but the fact is certain, and it is open to improvement.

Our first father's best abode, has properly been called, ‘ a blissful field.’ It was fair to his eye, and rejoicing to his heart ; worthy of its Maker, and fit for the man who was invested with so much dominion. It is true, we have lost our right to such enjoyment ; and, indeed, we have but imperfect notions of our original felicity. Yet we have incessant desires to be happy, and romantic wishes to possess, in this world, uninterrupted satisfaction. Every man thinks of an Eden suited to his own taste, and seeks to regain, if I may so express it, that paradise which his heart prefers : or, in other words, the wise, unwise, the sordid, and the pure in heart, ardently sigh for those pleasures which they most esteem.

I frankly own, without pleasure my life would languish, and my best labors would be left undone. I am persuaded, if men were quite wretched, they would be mischievous, or mean. We may possibly be patient, though severely tried; we may be still, when insulted by ignorant and malicious people; we may be resigned, when we are justly chastised; we may, if God assists us, give an idol, or an Isaac up; but to *mere* anguish, unrelieved by hope, no man is reconciled. Philosophers cannot reach such self-abstraction. Preachers seldom indulge such extravagance; and if Mystics have boasted of such madness, it has been to their own reproach. Whatever vanity has presumed to say, or pride to assert, this task has been found impossible: and that impossibility is, the hell of hell!

To drink of pleasure, and to repeat the draught; to augment, secure, diversify, or refine his bliss, every man, in every age attempts. Either by force, by purchase, or by craft, every creature tries to renew and prolong his pleasures. They may be changed, but *all* that is pleasing can never be renounced. Male and female, the learned and illiterate,

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the rich and the impoverished, the grave, the giddy, and the truly good, thirst alike for pleasure. What pleasure is, they may, and will dispute; but, in quest of what is pleasing, all of them, are ever-more engaged.

In this general pursuit, what strange mistakes have most men made. They have been deceived by the artful, deluded by the simple, and betrayed by themselves. They have sometimes been quick to discern the errors of others, to censure their misconduct, and to moralize on their mistakes: but, while they were thus busied with their failings, they exposed their own. Nor were such censors ever spared. Surrounding critics payed back their censures, and held up, well pleased, their own mistakes to public reprehension. Thus blame produces blame, and reproof excites reproof; but reformation, by such imprudence, cannot be expected. Such are our times; such were the times before us; and, generations yet to come, will not perhaps, at large, be much the wiser.

In search of pleasure, suited to your own taste, you have wandered far and wide. Where Solomon himself could not succeed, you chose to think, you could ensure success.

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You

You dreamed that bliss untouched, and that joys unblown, would meet you in your walks. You thought, that vice and pleasure, vanity and happiness, were by secret ties allied; but presumed, you could untie the *gordian* knot. You have made the trial, and have found, that the personal experiments of unbelievers, are the progeny of vanity, and yield them little else than deserved reproach and incessant vexation.

I do not mean to say, there are no pleasures in an evil course of action. Were this the fact, temptation would lose half its force, and christian virtues more than half their praise. Still, the pleasures of sin are but for the season. They have their fixed, their short, uncertain limits. While those polluted pleasures last, the understanding slumbers; and when they flee away, those keen sensations which make the guilty miserable, those thoughts which fill the mind with fear, and the heart with horror, are in vain resisted. Of all this, the word of God assures us; and we have, from innumerable confessors, more abundant confirmation of such misery than the humane could wish.

Yet

Yet, I do not mean to assert, that every thing which is not moral in our behaviour, must be vicious. This would be carrying the matter much too far. For undoubtedly, God grants us many pleasures, not in themselves religious, nor moral, which, were they all withdrawn, we should soon become a burden to ourselves, and a nuisance to them that wait upon us. I now allude to those pleasures, which are inseparably connected with a temperate use of food and raiment, with the active scenes of busines, and with the grateful hours of rest. Nor are those amusements to be excluded, which are requisite to health. He is not the wifest man, who would, in some mental *balloon*, or fancy, of his own forming, mount up, at once, and gladly soar beyond our comprehension. Nor is he the most prudent, or the most faithful friend, who scorns to stoop from idle speculations, and who thinks himself degraded by the common concerns of life.

What I have now *conceded*, will open the mouths of some who have more gravity than goodness; but such persons are not yet, of your acquaintance. If they were, it would ill become me, to suppress what is

true, and may be beneficial, for fear of offending those gentlemen ; or because what I have said, may possibly, be abused. However, to such concessions, it becomes me to add, (and I make the addition with great sincerity,) that of all the pleasures which have fallen under my notice, I have met with none, equal to the pleasures of unaffected piety.

You will be told, they only talk in this manner, who are addicted to devotion. But is there any force in this objection ? For, if devotion may be connected with knowledge ; if it may be the consequence of conviction ; if it may be confined to those duties which God himself has appointed ; they who are thus devoted to Him, may bid defiance to reproach. Whom can we admire, without being devoted, in some respect, to his pleasure ? Whom do we cordially obey, that we cannot love ? or whom do we love, and are reluctant to serve ? If God, then, were the object of our admiration, should we not shew forth his praise, and endeavour, upon all occasions, to be devoted to his pleasure ?

In common, men of taste, who enter into the spirit of their profession, what ever it may

may be, are not, upon that account, supposed to be destitute of understanding. Must they who profess to fear the Almighty, be alone excepted? Whatever may be your opinion, I will venture to assert, that as true devotion is properly regarded, superstition and infidelity will be held in contempt, human happiness will be much advanced, and every event in life, best of all improved.

You see, ONESIMUS, on what my hope of your conversion rests. Love is only vincible by love. You have loved strangers, and after them you will go, unless you are brought to love your friends. You have loved the world, and it you will obey, unless you should really become a lover of God. Misery may issue in madness, but misery will not effect your reformation. You have, indeed, much to lament, and not a little to renounce. But, while you remain unhappy, and unrelieved from your tormenting apprehensions, you cannot be holy. While you are not pleased with God, you cannot please him; and till you are pleased with his character, you never will enjoy your own. Fear of penal punishment makes no man pious. It may restrain us from external crimes,

crimes, but it never eradicates the love of sin. How should it, since all the horrors of hell have not produced a single instance of acceptable repentance. Be not deceived ; in hearts like ours, what they love best, ever did rule us, and must for ever reign. Can this be shame, or sorrow, pain, or perpetual reproach ?

As I hear you have, though in prison, a separate apartment to yourself, and am told, that neither your property, nor your credit, are quite exhausted; in such a situation, serious reflection must be seasonable. Indulge it. Review your recent labours ; sum up the cost ; and carefully inspect what is the fruit of that expence.

This is certain, you have made those sacrifices to inherit folly, which are never required, in order to possess that wisdom which is from above. Were you now willing to seek it, you need not despair. It is to be had *without money, and without price*. All you need renounce for that, is called *loss and dung*. But this, sordid as it is, you will not resign, till you *believe*. Without faith, we cannot be victorious ; and, till we receive that truth which cheers the wounded con-

science

science, we are not willing to take up our crosses, or to venture much in the cause of christianity.

But what, you will say, “ Where is the mighty *cross* in renouncing LOSS AND DUNG?” Little as this may seem to you, it will not be found a trifle in the hours of trial. When you are better instructed, you will find, all that is *sensual*, and all that the flesh calls *fair*, are in these uncourtly terms, fully comprehended.

Of *sensual* satisfaction, you have done your best to enjoy your share, as soon as possible. Though often disappointed, steady to your purpose, you still persisted; and conceived your next trial, would be more successful than the former. In this pursuit, what dreams, what dotage, what deceptions, have you been willing to indulge! Like some pretended *Chemist*, you have sought for *Gold* where men of common sense will never seek it; and, with all the temerity of the unsuspecting, have given current cash for *utopian* possessions. You have rambled on from scheme to scheme, living at your usual rate, till legal interposition has roughly checked your unwise proceedings.

Of what seems *fair* to flesh, or is defended by the carnal, when they, elate with pride, aspire to religious reputation, I shall say but little; for this has not been your ambition. Yet, of this worst of tempers, still beware. Since, if you should quit that current of corruption, in which you have waded long enough to be weary, only to land upon some self-righteous shore, you will then be as distant from the Kingdom of God, as when you were the jest of mere moral men, or the scorn, of them who trust in themselves, and despise others.

Should you indulge the reflections which I have recommended, what, when thus engaged, you may review, or be afraid to see, I cannot predict. But this I know, when ever I attempt to reckon up your losses, my heart is much affected. Nor can I wish it was less concerned: for loss of time, of property, and peace; of the respect you had gained, of the best means of instruction, and of opportunities of doing good; surely, such losses as these, are too considerable for a friend to weigh and not to feel.

The loss of *property* indeed, may seem to you, a vulgar, or at least, a trifling consideration.

sideration. " You are yet young, unmarried, " and in health. You have no ambition to " be rich, and are not afraid of being poor. " You still have your expectations; and, if " you had not, you have sense enough to " procure a living." —So, I am told, you talk of temporal affairs. But you err, not knowing the nature of life, nor the dispositions of men.

Riches, it is true, are not essential to happiness; and, if riches must be obtained unjustly, they are not worth our notice. When the loss of virtue is the price of wealth, it is the vicious alone that make the purchase. But, to be in debt, is to be in bondage. He that owes money to strangers, neighbours, or friends, not only detains what is their due, but what is, above most things, their delight. Their real, or imaginary wants, urge them to demand the *mammon* on which their hearts are set. Whether they first obtained it by labor, by donation, or by arts that were unfair, they cannot give it up. The debtor, therefore, is interrogated and dunned. If he is unwilling, or unable, to give his creditors satisfaction, writs and reproaches cannot be prevented. Abroad, he

is insulted, and, even in his own house, he is in jeopardy. Seldom is he suffered to live in quiet; never can he live in reputation. He is stung with charges, which he cannot confute, and tempted to make those promises, which he knows he is unable to perform.—The beggar, who is out of debt, is a happier man than he who is exposed to such treatment, and to such temptation !

Many of our pleasures become the stronger, and are better enjoyed, by contrasting the past and present scenes of life, upon the approach of any agreeable change. It is in hope of such a change, that I am willing to think the longer of your late perplexities.

Unhappy youth ! what troubles have attended your irregular pursuits. Wide and far have strange suspicions flown abroad; groundless as air, yet like it, unconfined. Sometimes, they have been too thin for seizure, and too loose to be distinct; but, in number, they have been so many, and, upon some occasions, so gross, that they must have given you great vexation. All this is common, when the faults of young men are discussed, and where general censure cannot be avoided.

In your case, what idle, and sometimes, what cruel rumours have been multiplied and fed. The thoughtless wondered at the tales they heard, and lent them wings to fly about. Hypocrites, in their usual manner, seemed much affected. They, if we may believe them, pitied your tender years, and, were shocked to perceive the world grew worse and worse. Your best friends were exposed, on your account, to licentious tongues, and charged with being partial, when they tried to soften intemperate resentment. What was felt when such resentments rained down upon you daily, or what you may again feel upon reflection, confess to God; but keep your own secrets from tatlers, and triflers; nor ever expose to them, the sorrows of your heart. They will not understand you: but their incautious comments, and absurd remarks, will add to your uneasiness, without contributing to your instruction.

How often, ONESIMUS, have your steps been watched by those eyes which see much, and by those persons, who add to fight, their own imaginations. The eyes of the jealous have been upon you; and, by the mean fraternity of informers, you have been sur-

rounded. Those faults, undoubtedly they saw, which it cannot be my duty to diminish; but, they delighted to magnify your youthful follies, and to pass from actions to motives. They inferred from particular, general corruption; and treated your slightest misconduct with malignant contempt. While *they* were thus employed, (such are the varied tempers of men,) *others* envied your occasional success, and became your rivals for a harlot's smile.

Under these attacks, you have often found how vain it is to argue with the whirlwind of passion, or, in a case like yours, to complain of illiberal abuse. You have found, that men are formidable to men; and that those who are most imprudent, are sometimes of all men the most impotent. You have reason to believe, that he who lives at random, lives at hazard; and that, where prudence is despised, and integrity is wanting, distress must be felt, and disgrace may be expected.

If ever you eluded the eyes of the jealous; if ever you evaded the vigilance of your informers, or passed unnoticed, by your rivals, to illicit pleasures; if ever you escaped not only

only their observation, but outwitted also those worthy men, who watched you when they could, on the best of motives ; you are, I hope, convinced, that all things are naked, and opened, to the eyes of him with whom we have to do.

Should such thoughts appear alarming, bear, with patience, the piercing rays of truth. It is much better to endure their keen vibrations, than to flatter yourself in your own eyes, till your iniquity be found hateful. Such knowledge may be painful, but ignorance of that which is so important to be understood, must be pernicious. Admit then, what you are utterly unable to deny, and beg to be convinced, that where sin has so much abounded, grace yet may more abound.

But hitherto, I fear, you have seldom prayed for such favor. We cannot, however, have communion with the God of truth, while we are reluctant to consider our own ways, just as we have reason to suppose they appear to him. Think therefore, seriously think, what has been transacted in those crooked paths, in which, against every remonstrance, you were resolved to walk.

What

What needless affronts have you provoked ?
 What mean submissions have you been compelled to make ? At other times, what gusts of anger have shocked your whole frame ? But, what have you gained, by all your arts, or by all your agitations ? Grief and shame ! The former, though an unwelcome guest, is your constant visitor ; the latter, though more irksome still, claims your acquaintance ; and my late intended visit sufficiently proves, that you and shame are become familiar.

If, to soothe your sorrows, you imagine, you are pitied by many, you are under a mistake. Alas ! how few know what you feel ; and, believe me, fewer care. " It is good enough for him. He brought it on himself. It was his own choice. He deserves to suffer." Such is the uncivil and unfeeling language that commonly prevails : and, if some are more polite, they are not less severe. But had you more of wordy compassion than has been permitted, such unsubstantial kindness, would ill supply your wants, nor could it remove your fears.

Of these things, I would not have said so much, were I not in hope, ere long, to contrast

contrast them with your deliverance. May that wished for period quickly come ! May you speedily renounce your former conversation, and feel yourself renewed in the very spirit of your mind !

I could almost fancy I see you in that happy situation ; that I see you, virtuous, without being vain, and humble, without being mean. In my imagination, when the morning comes, you wake to wisdom, and to the proper busines of the day ; having sought divine assistance, you manage your affairs with sagacity ; unsuspicous you leave your habitation, on every proper call, and unsuspected to your house return ; and, after being welcomed in your walks, by men of real worth, you there find that domestic bliss, which neither the profits of your calling, nor the civilities of friendship, are able to exceed. If what I thus anticipate, should, in reality, be observed by me, none but yourself, will more enjoy the pleasing change.

But, in this world, all human bliss has some alloy. Conversion does not exempt the converted from conflict : for, the faith and patience of every convert must be tried. Nor can the best of men always know why their

their severest trials or temptations come ; nor are they able always to conclude, that what they here suffer, is consistent with their future safety. In such painful moments, it becomes them to pray for relief ; because, when they have done their utmost, it is God alone, who giveth them the victory.

In the kingdom of God, there is more of *mystery*, than men who plume themselves upon their own penetration, are able to admire. In that kingdom, To him that overcometh, the greatest promises are made ; not as a debt, but to animate to vigorous exertions ; and that he who aspires to conquest, may neither faint, nor ever fight with carnal weapons. Without the word of promise, he could have no hope ; but without hope, no man enters into any danger with discretion.

Hope of a splendid triumph, or, of an ovation, led the Roman legions to fight those battles, and to besiege those forts, which, without it, had not been undertaken. From **ROMULUS**, their first king, to the usurpation of **JULIUS CÆSAR**, such hope inflamed their valor, and made way for those conquests which have been so much admired. Christians,

tians, as well as pagans, are animated by hope. But their hope is as much superior to that which CÆSAR himself enjoyed, as the christian religion is superior to pagan superstition. Till CÆSAR conquered, he could not expect to triumph: but every christian begins to triumph, not when he conquers, but when he feels himself subdued. You will think this a crude assertion; yet it is worth your notice; for, if a believer triumphs when he is subdued, it is not because he is conquered to his disgrace, but because he is converted to Jesus Christ. His submission is the result of that conviction which his mind approves, and his subjection only that which his heart admires.

Thus overcome, he aspires to conquest: but his conflict is as uncommon as his call. He does not, as converted, covet his neighbour's wife, nor his man servant, nor his maid servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is his neighbour's. He does not wish to lay cities waste, to destroy towns, or to depopulate the meanest village. Quite the contrary; his first concern is not to be overcome with evil; his next is to overcome evil with good; and, whatever he may meet

with, he is resolved not to do evil that good may come. Thus acting, he keeps his final triumph in view; but when he thinks on that triumphant *state*, (for it is not the triumph of a *day*,) he cannot, by any stretch of thought, determine whether his joy, or his humility, will be most abundant.

Compared with such felicity, what has CÆSAR enjoyed? Compared with such a course of action, what has even CÆSAR done? The tablet of *fame* has received those names which must be erased; but the names which are written in the book of *life* are everlasting!

Of your own conduct and triumphs, you cannot boast. It has been your lot to be early, and greatly disappointed; but it is from those obstructions which you could neither foresee nor avoid, that I am led to hope you will reflect on your past misconduct, and not be unwilling to receive instruction.

While you were intent on pleasures suited to your taste, 'tis said, those abandoned females, whose business it is to watch for young men void of understanding, discerned you among the croud, and sought with eagerness, your approbation; Of such deceivers,

ceivers, tell me, if you dare, what is now your fixed opinion. "To love them," (thus you have *reason* to reply,) "is to be miserable. " It is to love their follies, vindicate their vices, espouse their quarrels, and to applaud their vanity. It is to admire what they admire; to laugh and storm, stay within and run about, just as their whims, or worst of dispositions may direct."

But who, that loves himself, would submit, for a single day, to such inglorious thraldom? What man of spirit, or what man of sense, would ever sigh for such disgrace? The common cares of life, compared with such captivity, are light; and the more than common vexations of humanity, ballanced with such a burden, must be accounted easy. The man who is fettered by such attachments, seldom aspires to virtuous conduct; and if, in some thoughtful moment, he feels an inclination to laudable pursuits, his cruel, shameful, and pernicious yoke, (even while he boasts of being *free*,) drags him down to folly, and makes his feeble efforts vain. Concupiscence at length, becomes habitual; devours his time, and life itself consumes!

Examples of persons in such immoral bondage, are, every where, too numerous; yet, by incautious youth, they are either overlooked, or seen to no advantage. They still continue to cherish absurd affection, on which, to make their folly less offensive, they bestow empty, but high-sounding names. They see but little of that dangerous course which is before them, but run on, till ruin stares them in the face; and when it approaches, there are but few who retreat in safety.

A French author has, (if my memory may be trusted,) compared these rash adventurers, to a young unskilful novice, who gallops madly to the chace, resolved to hunt with some neighboring squire. Through fields, and lanes, and brakes, he rides, scorning precaution. His heart beats high, and fame, and pleasure, riot in his thoughts. But soon the scene is changed: An unexpected ditch intercepts his ill-judged rout; the game leaps over; his companions follow; and he must cross it, or return. He stares astonished at their courage, and trembles to make for himself so great a venture. Stung with their smiles, and unable to endure their reproaches,

he rashly tries to pass the trench, and meets at once, both misery and shame.

We cannot act without motive; but the motives by which many are, frequently seduced, are their reproach. Some favorite object captivates their attention, and exacts much more than they imagined. They never meant to swear prophanely, to rob their relations, or give to any the lie direct; much less to murder; but obligations unforeseen, (or what was falsely called an obligation) pushed them on from crime to crime, till at the foulest they could hardly blush. The fate of Herod is a case in point. To please a woman, vicious as she was vain, he beheaded John. Nor is Herod the only man who has committed *murder*, to preserve disreputable reputation.

Of female arts, and of the mischiefs that abandoned women introduce, I have said the more, because, I am credibly informed, you have been much injured by their wiles. I hear too, that in such society, you have learned to jest of matrimony. This is no uncommon consequence; for, where such companions can enchant, a modest woman has but little power to please. But though marriage

riage is too honorable for rakes and jilts to admire, and too serious for the abandoned to approve, remember, it was appointed by the Almighty, and is by him, in every age enjoined. Before the fall, and under every dispensation to the present, marriage has been the medium of civil reputation: nor is it less so now, than in the age of Noah, or in the day of Moses. Marriage, when it is wisely contracted, is the most respectable, safe, and pleasing union, possible to be formed in domestic life. What is thus sanctioned, and by the experience of all ages, found to be beneficial to mankind, shall we reject, because some have married merely on prudential motives, without affection, or because others have rushed together with carnal fondness, destitute of common prudence? God forbid.

Before I conclude, as I think your chief mistakes have originated from your late inattention to the word of God and prayer, let me intreat you again to regard those important duties.

When I was younger than you are now, upon the nature, and expediency of prayer, a good old man gave me the best advice. You must pray, Sir, said he, as well as read.

Pray

Pray as you can, in your own words, without a form of prayer, and without affectation. God will not be angry with you to make the attempt. He knows you cannot be preserved from error, nor be exempt from vice, but by his assistance.

He who said this, was upwards of seventy. I was about seventeen. His age, and his office, (for he was a preacher of righteousness,) my notion of his general character, and the good will which he manifested upon this occasion, were followed with a pleasing effect. What he recommended was that evening regarded; and it has not been forgotten to this hour.

For such a hint you will not expect an apology. May God command his blessing on it, and on whatever I have written that is worth your notice !

I am,

Affectionately Your's,

EUBULUS.

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